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POEMS

By CHARLES NEWTON,

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By your obliged Pupil,

THE AUTHOR.

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Experiéris non Dianam magìs montibus quàm Minervam inerrare.

C. PLIN. CORN. TACITO.

I.

SWEET power of Poesy! I love thee well,
And I will pass with Thee this Summer's day;
Up the rude hill, or down the sloping dell,
Or whether thro' the Woods I wind my way,
I'll sit me down and of thy pleasings tell,
Because, sweet Poesy, in sooth I love Thee well.

II.

First in the dawnings of my earliest Youth
Thou bad'st me seek these woods and court this shade,
Where, musing, my fond breast would melt with ruth
At all the havock that wild Passion made,
Whether false Pleasure lur'd one breast to ill,
Or proud Ambition's range a world with woe did fill.

III.

For who can live within a City's pale
And never hear of ills and human woe,
Or look on History's eventful tale
And not the work of proud Ambition know?
Yet whence these ills my doubting heart would cry,
And why the world without less gaily glad than I?

IV.

With my rude staff, all as a shepherd's lad,
At dusky dawning o'er the heath I hied;
Some Sage of Græcia's race I ever had,
Or Latian son of Song, or him, the pride
Of Albion's minstrels, whom the buskin'd Muse
Nurs'd in her inmost bowers, and did him nought refuse.

V.

Falsely luxurious Man! sorrowing I said,
(As down the steep I backward cast mine eye,
And saw yon' towered crescent amply spread,
And saw its spiry honour pierce the sky,
And saw old Wensum's splashy margins steam,
And saw him roll along his song-unhonour'd stream)

VI.

Within the hollow of this boyish breast
A more ambitious stirring spirit dwells,
And ever it disdains inglorious Rest,
And ever of the GREAT DECEAS'D it tells,
And forward still to something points my mind
Which goodlier beseems than all we leave behind!

VII.

The gloss of novelty on all around,
Each unworn nerve still trembling alive,
Gay were the wonders my young gazings found,
As many, as the wings, that round a hive
Of honey-working insects, clip the wind
And guide his wayward ear that may their hoardings find.

VIII.

So they that touch upon an untried shore,
Where all is Hope and ignorant Amaze,
With beating breasts the magic scene explore,
And forward spring, and cannot stop to praise,
And cannot stop to think if what they see
Of real goodness is or may but seem to be.

IX.

Fresh were the breathings of the night-born gale,
Bright was the dew on fern and blade and thorn,
Gay was the lark that did the morning hail,
And glorious thou, O Sun, that mad'st it morn;
The herds, indeed, mop'd with a heavier eye,
But they were happy still,—and therefore so was I.

X.

And so I yet may be, let but the Muse
Her lov'd, inspiring influence bestow,
Let me but Nature's open pages use,
And all but man and man's distresses know;
Here wander, free as the controulless wind,
And leave a warring world and all its cares behind!

XI.

Thou sweep of russet heath, ye winding vales,
Ye wavy hillocks you your Poet loves!
And thee, sweet stream, and you ye woodland dales,
And holy aisles of dimly-lighted groves,
Whose tower-like trunks tuft ivy wrappeth round,
Whose outstretch't giant arms sweep wide the grassy ground.

XII.

The man that dwells amid such scenes as these,
Sees sunny fields and breathes Creation's air,
Can aught that's low, or aught that's little please?
Can Sorrow catch him, or can Vice ensnare?
What can he know of wars and murderous strife
Who wileth thus away his golden hours of life?

XIII.

O all things wild and shapen by the hand
Of real rude Nature in her roughest mood,
Such as the Lord of Nature did command
That ye should be and then pronounc'd you good,
Tho' rich, yet plain as is your simple shew
Let my loose-warbled strains and artless numbers flow!

XIV.

O all things rustically unrefin'd,
Honest and bare accept my meed of praise!
This country coarseness winneth all my mind,
And I am wedded to its humble ways,
And I were pleas'd amid these bowers to stay
More than an Evening's hour, or a long Summer's day.

XII.

The man that dwells amid such scenes as these,
Sees sunny fields and breathes Creation's air,
Can aught that's low, or aught that's little please?
Can Sorrow catch him, or can Vice ensnare?
What can be know of wars and murderous strife
Who wileth thus away his golden hours of life?

XIII.

O all things wild and shapen by the hand
Of real rude Nature in her roughest mood,
Such as the Lord of Nature did command
That ye should be and then pronounc'd you good,
Tho' rich, yet plain as is your simple show
Let my loose-warbled strains and artless numbers flow!

XIV.

O all things rustically unrefin'd,
Honest and bare accept my meed of praise!
This country coarseness winneth all my mind,
And I am wedded to its humble ways,
And I were pleas'd amid these bowers to stay
More than an Evening's hour, or a long Summer's day.

WOOD-NOTES.

WOOD-NOTES.

Lieti fiori, e felici e ben nate erbe,
Che madonna pensando premer sole;
Piaggia, ch' ascolte sue dolci parole,
E del bel piede alcun vestigio serbe;
* * * * * * * * *
Quanto v' invidio gli atti ouesti è cari!

PETRARCH.

TRANSLATED.

Glad flow'rs and herbs, that on your favor'd bed,
Where pensive oft she sits, my Lady bear;
Plains, that of her sweet voice the accents hear
And of her lovely foot preserve the tread,
* * * * * * * * * *
How does each chaste dear act my envy move!

I.

MUSE-HAUNTED covert! often as this way
Her soft-trod footsteps fair Cleora brings,
Whether the first lark sings,
Or Philomela pours her quivering lay,
Or whether at Noon's hotter hour,—O shade,
Shade her fair form!

II.

But should the sedulous murmur of tall trees
Struck by the breeze,
Or hum of busy wings that round her swarm,
Lull to light slumbers the soft-sinking maid—
Then, O ye wood-nymphs, and pipe-tuning Pan
Who watch in sylvan haunts o'er sleeping Innocence,
Drive each rude stranger hence;
Guard with a care like mine her sainted head!
Gay smiling Love shall prompt her golden dreams;
And, while with chaste desires her purpling bosom gleams,
The light-wing'd breezes shall that bosom fan!

III.

——— So shall young Spring
Here his first snow-drop fling;
And Summer here his showery blossoms shed,
And, when the warmer Suns are past,
Here shall sick Autumn linger out his last;

And when dull Winter lours around,
White all the plains and lock'd the frozen ground,
When Winds blow high, and Tempests peal,
Here not a bending bough shall feel
The roaring rudeness of the ruffian storm!

WOOD-NOTES.

The Muse nae Poet ever fand her
Till by himself he learn'd to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander
An' nae think lang;
O sweet to stray and pensive ponder
A heart-felt Sang!!!

BURNS.

I.

OH! she was fair;—ay if the Swan be fair,
She too was dainty white;—and she would heave
Her bosom's loveliness e'en as the Swan,
Who dwells the waters on,
And rides along the wave
Singing a sweeter song than else were heard;
And as that proudly-mantling bird
Slow sails in gallant trim,
So she would win her way in easy swim:—
Oh! I could love her for that Queen-like air!—

II.

But she is far away!— long envious miles,
That send me darkling from my Laura's smiles,
Sunder our Hearts that with a mutual flame
And Loves responsive glow: And their's the blame
That bade me not my Laura more to name!

III.

Say do I not then well,
(All pale and wan)
Thus to abandon me to wail and woe,
Unheedful what I be, or what I seem,
And mourning go
Thro' the wild woods, and this my plaintive theme
To all the country tell;
Drink the slow poison of my love-sick cares,
And bathe me in the sad sad luxury of tears?

IV.

The Shepherd-boys, as thro' the fields I go,
Think the frail year has robb'd me of my store,
Thinn'd my sick flocks, and laid my orchards low,
Or cruel Father turn'd me from his door;

V.

The village-lord suspects my sauntering gait,
It likes him not this loiterer's lowly guise!
His vassals round, with saucy eyes,
Suspicious on my wanderings wait;

VI.

Much they admire why I so sad may be,
And ever fly the voice of joy:
*He's witch'd! He's craz'd! they say—and point at Me;
And I am call'd—The melancholy Boy.

VII.

Then cheer me, Friends, for I am drooping dull,
And aye am musing—for my Heart is full,
Stranger, indeed, to all the trills of joy,
And well am call'd—The melancholy Boy.

* Or craz'd with Care, or cross'd in hopeless Love. GRAY.

WOOD-NOTES.

TO SHAKSPEARE:

Cui par est nihil et nihil secundum. MART. EPIG.

Indeed the top of Admiration. SHAKSP.

I.

" SWEET Swan of *Avon* what a sight it were"*
To see thee so majestically glide,
(When nothing may th' o'ershadowing branches stir,)
Over the lucid lymph of that beloved Tide,

* B. Jonson.

Making thee Pipes, there, of the lowliest reeds
And flower-bells from the very wildest weeds,
Leisurely cropping!—it were sweeter still
To list thee whiles with melancholy skill
(Wearing a Willow in thy beaked Bill,)
Thou work'st the weeping Passions to thy will!

II.

When Pity's tenderest tear be shed
For her* that on the cold death-bed
Is laid, for aye! a maiden corse to be
'Till Heav'n shall hark to hear her virgin minstrelsy,—
When Pity's tenderest tear be shed,
And every passion-pierced heart hath bled
(Streams of delicious woe!) its richest red,

III.

——— Rise then, Sweet Swan,
And statelier looks of sterner powers put on!
To thy right Royalty of Soul 'tis given
To range the deep sublime of universal Heav'n,

* OPHELIA.

Unfurl an Eagle's pinion to the sky,
And, with an Eagle's gaze
Front the fierce Titan's blaze,
And grasp the vengeful bolt of Heav'n's dread Sov'reignty.

IV.

When pageant Pomp would have his sorrows heard,
Straight to the gorgeous and eye-trained Bird
Of the Sky-queen be chang'd;—When thou would'st make
Fell Murther's very hidden heart to quake,
Or loathly Night would to pale Hecate howl
Her chilling rhymes and incantations foul—
Quick then thy Proteus-like, strange powers enshroud
Within the murky mousing Owl,
And hoot it loud!

V.

Wild now as woodland larks, that joyous dwell
In every bushy Bourne and dingled Dell,
And shaping them of moss a summer's cell,
Sit on a neighbouring bough and whistle well,

VI.

—— But thou hast caught an Air from every bird
That Nature's cunning self has taught to sing,
(Whether in nightly shades, or the glad Morn of Spring)
And all that Fancy's ear in fairy bowers hath heard—
Whiles, then, each throat with laudings, loud doth swell
Thou, gentle Avon's Swan, must thine own praises tell.

SUN-RISE.

SUN-RISE.

*A DRUID CHORUS.

* The Druidical Hierarchy was divided into three Classes, Priests, Philosophers and Poets—("studia liberalium Doctrinarum inchoata per Bardos, Euvates, et Druidas."—Amm. Marcell.) at the head of these presided the Arch-Druid.—The Bards of Britain (who received their name, perhaps, from Bardus the fifth King) were employed in singing to the *Harp* at their nuptials, funeral obsequies, and other solemnities; in the field they celebrated the actions of their chiefs, and animated the troops by Hymns prophetic of success; which custom prevailed also among the ancient Germans—"sunt illis hæc quoque carmina, quorum relatu quem Barditum vocant, accendunt animos." &c. —Tac. de mor. Germ.

See Jones's Music and Poetry of the Welsh Nation.

SUN-RISE.—A DRUID CHORUS.

Εσλων γαρ υπο χαρματων,
Πημα θνασκει παλιγκοτον, δαμασθεν,
Οταν θεϋ μοιρα πεμπη
Ανεκας ολβον υψηλον.

PINDAR. OLYMP. 2.

DRUID.

SLOW, from forth the eastern Gate,
Drench'd in Dew, steps rosy Morn;
On her fair hand, in scepter'd state,
Yon beamy Lustre that she long hath borne
Before the Sun's wide-gleaming car:
High strains that ring from every crystal star,
Heaven-breathed sounds, proclaim the approaching God;
Earth bids her towering summits bow,
Low every Mountain bends his reverend brow,
And Mona's central Oaks in dumb devotion nod.
Begin, ye Bards, the harmonious Rites begin,
That, with due Song the day-dawn ushering in,
To holiest muse the swelling Soul ye raise;
And strike from your stern'st strings the notes of fearful Praise!

BARDS.

I.

Shadow'd with horror, o'er the trembling mind
A sober Calm of solemn Gladness steals,
Such as the hard-escaped Seaman feels
When Sands, and Whirling-Pools, and Rocks he leaves behind.
Well suits such Mood the sacred Theme we sing:
To Chance, and Change, and that mysterious Ring
The varying Round of Times, touch we th' encharmed String.

II.

Down the worshipt God of Day,
Behind the western Mount afar
To shroud the Flaming of his Car,
Bends his high-careering way.

III.

There, (so speaks all-hallow'd * Story,)
At the Palace of the Streams,
He, in chambers bright with Glory,
Coffers up his golden beams.

* Story anciently signified History, Fable, Mythology.

IV.

Cloath'd in clouds of dusky vapour,
After, next, meek Twilight steals,
Kindling the accustom'd Even' Taper
At the slowly-westering wheels.

V.

Stalking stern with stately strides,
Onward moves the Hag of Night;
Or on batty Pennons rides
In her drowsy, droning Flight.

VI.

Mirth, and gay Bliss, and cheerly Glee,
There with exiled Light to be,
Adown the western Cliff she hurl'd;
Pleas'd, then, the Woes of Man to see,
With a dark hand and leaden-temper'd key,
Clos'd in the Prison of the World.

VII.

Air's Herald thrice his blasting bugle wound
To flood, and flame, and the concealing ground,

Where lingering shapes of scaped Breath be found;
Quick the compulsed Ghosts hark to the fearful sound;
Hell opens wide the caverns of her womb,
And out the dragon Fiends of Darkness howling come.

DRUID.

To other Notes than these of Night and Woe,
So deep, so solemn, and so dreadly slow,
Ye holy Ministers, in harpings high
Wake the thrill'd chords of Mona's Minstrelsy;
Loose let the hand, from each Sun-smitten string,
Full Peals of Gladness and rich Joyance ring;
For yonder comes the Regent of the Sky
Earth to delight and Heav'n to glorify:
Nature hath felt the change and sings and shouts in joy.

BARDS.

I.

Flush'd, like a Conqueror, yonder peerless Sun
Heaves vastly up, from the wide ocean bed,
His front, all flame, and eyes of fiery red;
Rejoicing high in Heaven his Giant's race to run.

Wheeling around their aery March, behold!
In burning armour bright, and burnish'd gold,
Full Fields and banner'd Hosts his sovran seat infold.

II.

Widely thro' the blue profound,
Where no mortal Eye may see,
Thrice three Sister Forms and three
Run their ever-during round.

III.

These, in fiery-fierce embraces,
(Whence the thronging, timely Hours)
He with changeful Passion presses
Thro' their high, celestial bowers:

IV.

To the favour'd Queen 'tis given
(Whileso bides his frail desire)
To bear triumphing thro' the heaven
Yon Lady Lamp of nightly fire.

V.

Snowdon's brows have caught the beam,
(Where were Horror's blackest brood)
Glancing thence the golden gleam
Dances and sparkles on the flood.

VI.

* Now, thro' the amber-vaulted sky,
Smiling, the Gracious Seasons fly,
And wanton in the aery balm
With Youth, and Love, and Harmony:
Soft, on the sleeked waters by,
Nestle the brooding Birds of calm.

VII.

Then hail! thou sacred Sun, whose blest return,
Forbidding more our Night-sick eyes to mourn,
Drives the thin Shadows to their pale sojourn,
Gilds the black skies, and bids the cold sea burn;
Warm to the heart down-strike thy heavenly rays,
As warm the heart returns this Incense of its Praise!

* Αυταρ εϋπλοκαμοι Χαριτες, και ευφρονες Ωραι,
Αρμονιαθ', Ηβη τε, Διος θυγατηρ τ' Αφροδιτα
Ορχεϋντ'. Hom. Υμν. εις Απολλ.

DRUID.

'Tis thus (and let us hail the sacred sign!)
While sad around gloometh the Night of Sorrow,
While Seasons sicken and frail Men repine,
Great Nature worketh still some hidden change;
Where now the raven brood of Darkness range,
Gay plumes shall glitter and sweet voices sing,
Hope shall light up afresh her mild day-spring,
And the fair Sun of Joy shall gild to-morrow.

ELEGY.

E L E G Y.

——— ——— ——— so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspir'd
The spirit of Love and amorous delight,—
Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love!

MILTON.

I.

FORTH went my Love to breathe the gale of Eve,
And quaff the liquid radiance of the west;
Joy hover'd o'er her,—Passions frolic'd round,
And virgin Loves sat smiling on her breast:

II.

Fair as a Vision dimly seen afar
On the grey Mountain-ridge, or Sky-girt plain,
Or onward gliding thro' the Heaven's wide way,
Or luming like a Meteor on the main:

III.

In awful Loveliness it looks abroad
With Sternness mingled in its sunny smile :—
Stillness and Space in blank attendance wait,
And gazing Wonder is all Eye the while;

IV.

Beams of peculiar radiance flame around,
Clear fluid amber and white watery rays;
Center'd within its own pure light it stands
And sheds thro' air a Seraph's burning blaze:

V.

Its silvery-fringed robes of azure pale,
Mild moon-light eye, and high commanding mein
Speak it of heavenly birth; or else of those
That in the shaping Mind alone are seen:

VI.

All as a Spîrit of Peace—or Beauty's shade—
Or Truth within the Morning's beams enshrin'd—
Or Virtue speaking the behests of Heav'n,
It waves an arm of Light, and whispers to the Wind.

VII.

So bright, so mild, so Phantom-like and fair,
Such breathing beauty and such floating grace
Is Laura, when the fiery-fronted Sun
Gilds all her glowing form, and lights her Angel's face.

VIII.

Soft as in wavy Elegance she moves
Gay flowers spring trooping from th' enamour'd ground,
Heaven smiles, Earth gladdens, and a sunny gleam
Of Love and laughing Pleasance wraps her round.

IX.

The love-sick breeze went sighing thro' her hair
And kiss'd her charming head in circling play,
Or on the ripeness of her sever'd lips
Hung panting for a while—then died away:

X.

So dainty featur'd was her beatuous face,
And such a rose-blush crimson'd the smooth white,
I felt the blood run mantling to my heart
That danc'd as drown'd and drunken in delight.

XI.

Blushingly modest, her dejected Eye
Dwelt on the ground—or did but gently roll
To where the rival Eve-star heavenly shone
Chaste as the maid, and gentle as her soul.

XII.

Not the fair Tenant of Campanian vales,
The flowering Orange so can charm the sight,
Or shed such sweets, tho' all of balm its breath,
And all its silken bells are snowy white:

XIII.

Such notes of rapture from her liquid throat
Steal thro' the ear and wind into the heart;
The opening Heavens scarce breathe a sweeter sound
When sainted Souls from mortal bonds depart.

XIV.

Amazement held me in a stupid gaze
And marble muteness, till Confusion came
Flush'd my sham'd cheek, abash'd my down-cast eye
And bath'd in blushes all my trembling frame;

XV.

Now could I prostrate throw me to the ground,
And on the hard earth fling my entranced breast,
And shame the zeal of him that bows him down,
And on his face adores th' inflamed East.

XVI.

Thou, dear extatic Power of holy Love,
O! ever may this kindling bosom glow
With thy most sacred flame of heavenly fire,
And ever these fine throbbing tumults know!

XVII.

* "Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame,"
Or deem unworthy of the Sage's breast
That † "right Promethean spark" that lights the world,
And lives, and burns, and animates the rest.

* Milton. † Shakespeare.

ODES.

REGULAR LYRIC

O D E.

Φέρ' ὕδωρ, φέρ' οἶνον, ὦ παῖ·
Φέρε δ' ἀνθεμεῦντας ἡμῖν
Στεφάνους· ἔνεικον ὡς μὴ
Πρὸς Ἔρωτα πυκταλίζω.

ANACR. FRAG.

Hîc vivum mihi cespitem, hîc
Verbenas, pueri, ponite, thuraque
Bimi cum paterâ meri.
Mactatâ veniet lenior hostiâ.

HOR.

STROPHE.

(*Iambic.*)

SOME Thyme from yonder mountain-top,
Ere Phœbus' ray has drank the dew,
While yet the sacred ashes glow
On this green turf-built Altar strew

(*Trochaic.*)

Humid Parsley's flexile leaf,
And the Vervain's rougher flower,
Virgin Honey in the comb,
Myrrh from *Moselay's* rich bower.

ANTIST.

(*Iamb.*)

And bring the Flagon, closely seal'd,
Seal'd on my Chloe's natal day:—
Bring too the verdant Myrtle-branch,
And here the suppliant Fillet lay.

(*Troc.*)

Other victims but offend
Cypria, tender blue-ey'd Dame:
Soft!— a present Deity
Gently fans the rising flame

EPODE.

Fetch the Lyre, Boy, that hangs on yond ash,
Attune each his silver-tongued shell,
Sweep the strings with one wildly rude crash,
Till Echo come rous'd from her cell.

Now ye that teach the Arcadian reed to sigh
More sweetly modulate your melting strains,
Till the soft notes mellifluously
Die along the listening plains.

Venus propitious hears my vows,
For me she leaves her fav'rite Isle:
With her own rosy Wreath she decks my brows,
And lends my Chloe's lips her own ambrosial Smile.

IRREGULAR LYRIC

O D E.

Δότε μοι, δότ', ὦ γυναικες,
Βρομίῳ πιεῖν ἀμυστὶ.
Ὑπὸ καυματος γὰρ ἤδη
Προποθεὶς ἀναστενάζω.

ANACR.

TRANSLATED.

Sævit Sol radiis; languentem Sirius ardor
Me coquit, et fauces urit anhela sitis,
Bacche pater, fer opem!

I.

LO! the ripe Grape luxuriant swells,
Kiss'd by thy ray,
Great King of Day,
Near high *Olympus'** rocky cells.

* *Olympus*, in that part of Cyprus anciently called Amathusia—This Ode was composed after reading an account of the Greek Islands.

Gods! the dear enchanting joy,
  Its nectarous blood to sip!
Rich sovereign sweet! that may not cloy,
  Still grateful to the thirsting lip!

II.

Right against the burning South
  I'll climb the steepy Hill,
Where clustering Bunches meet the mouth,
  And freely quaff my fill.
The Rock my Couch; this Shell my Bowl,
  This crooked Shell, whose silver tongue
Sings out the secret of my soul,
  The Woods, the Dales, the Rocks among,
    Warbling forth in unskill'd lays
      My Chloe's praise—

III.

Yet why, thou dear Deluder, why
  Should thy frentic Lover fly
To rough'ning Mountains rude and high?
    Why in the burning South
      Thus quench his parched mouth?

Oh! rather, rather let me lie
In the bright sunshine of thine eye!
—No more I vainly wish to sip
From curved shell my fill,
The richer beauties of thy lip
Far sweeter Dews distill.

O D E.

[a] THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF THE ENGLISH, FROM GERMANY, IN BRITAIN.

Ο χρυσαμοιβὸς δ' Αρης Σωμάτων,
Καὶ ταλαντοῦχος ἐν μάχῃ δορὸς.

ÆSCH. AGAM.

Thus in the dire Exchange of War
Does Mars the Balance hold,
Helms are Scales—the Beam a Spear,
And Blood is weigh'd for Gold!

POTTER'S TRANSL.

CHORUS OF BARDS.

I. i.

ROUSE to Fight, to Conquest rouse!
Your [b] Seaxes grasp, and hided Shields,
The glistering Bill, the Cras-bow strong:
Rouse to Fight, to Conquest rouse!
The Meed of Triumph waits your Brows;
To Arms! the triple Chieftains call, to Arms, to Arms!

I. ii.

While each his [1] dirsty Weapon wields
Glory, the warrior Glory, warms;
And thus we chaunt the solemn Song;
Rouse to fight, to Conquest rouse!
The Meed of Triumph waits your Brows;
To Arms! the triple Chieftains call, to Arms, to Arms!

I. iii.

Thy [2] Cining's-helme, O VORTIGERN,
Flashes it's terrors all around:—
He lowers, he frowns, and fell and stern
He rages wide; quick as they turn
His stricken foes shall bite the ground.

I. iv.

And ye the war-worn [c] Woden's blood,
Whose lion eye-balls gleam with fate,
Death shall receive, or Glory wait;
Lead on to arms—to Death or Glory lead!
But first forth rushes the wind-winged speed
Of Hengist, as the proud and brickening steed

Whom generous dam (in Crag or Wood
Beneath a tempest-troubled sky)
Bears to the ruffling and rude-wooing blast,
And boasts that he alone shall vie
With her in strength, with her in sight-outrunning haste:
Gaunt Revenge sits on his brow,
Hate and thirst of slaughter glow
His reddening cheeks; and down below,
O'er his broad back his [d] flaxen tresses flow;
Beside him prompts his rage, provokes his fire
The sainted Spirit of his warlike Sire:
And he such deeds of Death shall do,
Working many a warrior's bane,
Scotia's bands his wrath shall rue,
And Pyctan Chiefs lie round him battle-slain.

I. v.

See where it goes, the British * land-wave goes
[e] Where *Read* affrighted flows
Amid Northumbrian crags to meet the fiery foes!

* Βοᾳ γαρ κυμα χερσαιον ϛρατυ. Æsch. Επτα επι Θηβ.

Courage! the thunder-throated Horsa cries,
As thro' the many-trampled field he flies;
Courage! and shakes his red flag to the skies;
Courage! the whole big battling Host replies,
Fierce war and fiery furies leaping from their eyes;
He that, e're the dew be down,
Stoutly fights, and stoutly falls;
Him, feasting in their airy halls,
His Fathers with a meeting smile shall own:
Courage to fight, Courage to die,
The Banquet of the fallen brave shall buy!

FIRST BARD.

II. i.

Where yon tall [4] Beoms becrown the mountain-clough[5]
And fling their big boughs to the denns below,
On the loose ridge of shivering rocks reclin'd,
Her streaming tresses sport for every wind,
With Eyes of Sorrow fair Rowena lies
And for her [6] dear-worth Sire heaves her heart-cutting sighs.
She asks her Country's Gods bestow
The Victory once themselves did know;

II. ii.

O'er him [f] Tuisco wave thy guardian wand!
And Thou, [g] Great Woden, his [7] war-hable hand
Nerve with the Wolf's own might;
And, while he courts the bleeding fight,
Give him, like Thee, to deal destruction's blow,
Give him, like Thee, to quell the churly foe!
And, star-encircled [h] Thor, at whose command
[8] Unweather foul and [9] roisting storms arise,
Hurl forth thy [10] fouldering bolts and rift the shuddering skies!
Or Hengist conquers—or Rowena dies.

CHORUS OF BARDS.

III. i.

Behold the brassey-bristling foes advance
Grasp the firm Shield and shake the thirsty Lance!
Front answering front the breathing Battles stand
Eye meeting eye, and hand high threatening hand.

III. ii.

Hark! the sticken helmets ring
Hark! the holbards shivering sing:

The bloody-work is well begun,
Round the purple torrents run.
Wild, as Ocean tempest-tost,
Heaves the feathery-surging host;
Loud, as thunder's rattling rout,
Roll the Cars the warrior's shout;
Strong, as prison-bursting wind.
(Free to boot, and unconfin'd)
Fiercer than the powers of song
Swells the tide of war along.
Hovering high, on either band
Slaughter lays a crimson hand,
And round her Demons, in a dusky ring,
Their howling notes of horror sing;
Pleas'd the warrior's blood to spill,
They the fate-devoted hill;
Swift the weapon waft in air,
Swift the steeled bosom bare,
And, mightiest of the strong to slay,
Wing the dart and point the way.

III. iii.

[11] Besmit with gore, and [12] wod with wounds
Hengist meets the Scottish Peer;
They look—they frown—and each his Spear
Shakes, but awhile delays to smite:—
Lo! Dongar flies and * dusts it o'er the plain;
Hengest brave pursues amain
Thro' floods of carnage, and o'er hills of slain:
Thro' the blind woods and down the shadowy dale,
Clos'd in the cloudy mufflings of the Night,
While sad upon the wet wings of the gale [of Fight,
Come shouts and mingled groans, murmurings and sounds
Onward our Heroes press their keen-pursuing flight;
Fearfully distant from our wishes far,
They urge their random deeds in the dark-dealing war.

ROWENA.

IV. i.

The mourner Night stalks up the East apace
And flings her black weeds o'er the fear-full skies:
But list! what hollow ghostly groans arise;

* Χωρει, κονιει, πεδια δ'αργηστης αφρος, &c.
Æsch. Επτα επι Θηβ. l. 60.

And see! what ominous portents glare
Athro' the lurid Air!
Fires following fires in boding chase,
All bloody-red the sorrowing Queen o'the skies,
Dim all the stars, and sad the brow of night.
And see! in troops the wolves around
Rush thro' the wolds, the hills, and scour along the ground;
Aheight the screamling owlets fly
(From Night and Hell the ravening brood)
[13] Lichfowl, and [14] hafocs, all that joy
To gnaw the mangled corse, and lap th' [15] agoten blood;
Out from each open eye a meteor gleam,
Piercing the night with straight-shot beam,
Flashes new horrors o'er the dismal scene—
What may these dread [16] fore-beacums mean?
Is Horsa captive? Hengest slain?
Does Britain's King too bite th' ensanguin'd plain?
Methinks I see my bleeding Father die—
Methinks I hear his last expiring sigh—
His Royal Head expos'd on the cold ground
While gapes his brave old breast with many a ghastly wound:

—Look up, my Lord, thy Child, Rowena, calls.—
—He hears me not—but groans, and falls.—
Die then, Rowena, for thy Father slain!
Ye Bards, ye Bards, in solemn strains and slow
Tune your sad Rotes to all the depths of woe.

BARDS.

V. i.

Set is the Sun of northern climes,
The doughty Hengest is no more;—
Gone is the King, with Horsa, to that shore
Where sleep the brave in battle slain;
And where, in everlasting halls,
They taste the well-earnt meed
Of all their toils, of all their wars,
Of all their wounds, and all their honest scars,
And hear their praises told in deathless rhimes.
Oh Read, thrice hapless stream, thy banks among
Our Chieftains fell:—Go, wanderer, go
And hide thy blushing waves below!

V. ii.

[1] I'll hang my harp up on the sky-scatch'd [17] oak,
(Yon moody Monarch of the blasted heath!)
And each rude gale which sighs that way, [Death
Midst Rocks and howling Dens, hoarse Caves and wilds of
Shall some new note of sadder woe provoke,
And to the Heroes Three its mournful tribute pay!

V. iii.

But ha! They come—The Triple Heroes come,
No food are they for fire or tomb,
No longer numbered with the dead!
Fear and the horrour-hatching Night are fled!
They live—They come! Victorious sweep the strings,
Ye frantic Bards, to rapture swell the notes!
Loud let the song of Triumph shout around!
Tell it the rocks and bellowing caves afar;
And, while upon the volleying winds it floats,
Sing the Three Eagles that on iron wings
Bore the big Thunder thro' the bleeding War!

LINES.

L I N E S.

ON MILTON.

So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind thro' all her powers
Irradiate; there plant Eyes; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

PAR. L. BOOK III. L. 51.

I.

A GRAVER strain than yet my boyhood sung,
Devoted be to MILTON's honour'd name,
Himself now "Memory's son, and heir of Fame,"
Whose holier Harp approving Angels strung,
Whose Classic Crown that nine-fold Choir did frame
Brown Tiber's margent shades, and Delphian steeps among.

II.

Might but my Name with thy great Glory peer,
Who, with the toil of midnight hours foredone,
Up the high steeps of Fame didst darkly run;
That inward brightness pure, so strong, so clear,
To me more joyous were than sheeny Sun,
Lovelier than Light itself, and than the day more dear.

III.

By the grey Majesty of Homer's hairs,
That thro' his bays glitter so rev'rently,
By him, who (pastoral crooks and reedy pipes laid by)
With thee that thrice-divided Glory shares,
Hearken to one who, all so studiously,
For an eternal Fame and letter'd Laurel cares!

LINES.

ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

QUI GENUS HUMANUM INGENIO SUPERAVIT ET OMNEIS
PRÆSTINXIT, STELLAS EXORTUS UTI ÆTHERIUS SOL.

LUCRET. LIB. III.

MAN walk'd in darkness:—intellectual night
Compass'd him in, gloomy on every side:
Science but shed a faint false-leading Light;
Folly triumphed high; and Ignorance and Pride
Vaunted aloud:—This Heav'n let be a while!
At length the placid Priest of Nature came;
Into the Holiest of Holies enter'd He;

Then, searching there the hiddenest mystery,
With such a reverend Grace as none might blame,
Rebuk'd his Fellows with a sainted smile;
And, for the tender visitings of ruth
The gentle goodness of his heart did move,
Pitied their errors with a Brother's love,
And with a Father's Wisdom taught them Truth!

NOTES.

NOTES.

[a] KING BRUTE by conquering the more ancient inhabitants, obtayned the rule and domination over all Albion, which after him became (according to the more generall opinion) to be called Brittaine. Afterwards Julius Cæsar, with his Romans, having invaded and subdued them, made them tributary unto the Roman Empire, under which they continued the space of five hundred yeares, which domination took an end under the Emperor Valentinian the thirde and last of that name.

The Britaines beeing abandoned by the Romans in their distresses from the invasion of the confederated Scotishmen and Pictes, elected VORTIGER to bee their King; who having lost, as some Scottish writers report, twenty thousand men in a battle agaynst the Scots and Pictes, resolved to have fled into Cambria; but being by his Councell and Nobility disswaded, hee with their advise did send over for succour into Germany unto the Saxons, then the most renowmed and warlike people of all the Germans. His request they condescended unto, and Hingistus and Horsus two bretheren and most valiant Saxon Princes had the Conduction of these forces over into Britaine in three great and long Shippes to the number of nine thousand men. And these Noble Gentlemen were the very first bringers and conductors of the *Ancestors of Englishmen* into Britaine, from whence unto their Posterity the possession of the country hath ensued. With this troup came over

the most faire Lady Rowena, who, as our chroniclers say, was the daughter of Hingistus.

Verstegan Restit. of decay'd Intell. p. 113 to p. 120.
See also Spencer F. Q. Book II. Cant. 10th, Stanz. 64. & 65.

b Our Saxon Ancestors used long Speares, and also Holbards; the Crasbow they had in great use, and that in warre; their Swordes were broad and bowing, somewhat according to the fashion of a Sithe, and were called Seaxes, from whence the name of Saxon. (p. 21.) They also used to carry Hatchets, which they called Bills, and whereof we yet retaine the name of Bill: They always kept their weapon very faire and clean. (p. 56—57.)

c Woden's blood—Venerable Bede nameth one Woden to have been the great grandfather of Hingistus, but this seems to have been another Prince of this name, and not he whose Idoll is here spoken of, who in much likelihood was long before the great grandfather of Hingistus. (p. 73.)

d Flaxen tresses—The Saxons (our Ancestors) were, ordinarily, tall of bodie, verie faire of complexion, and wore long haire even unto their shoulders.

e Where Read, &c.—The greatest rivers that water Northumberland are the Tyne, the Tweed, and the Read. The Read rises from a mountain called Readsquire or Readsdale; which, after falling down like a cataract several yards becomes a large torrent, and falls at length into the North Tine near Billingham, a hamlet called from thence Readsmouth.

Martin's Nat. Hist. of Eng. p. 328.

f Tuisco—The most ancient and peculiar God of the Germans, was dressed in skynne, and bore in his right hand a rodde or sceptre. The day which yet among us retaineth the name of Tuisday was especially dedicated unto the adoration and service of this Idoll.

g Woden—He was, while sometime hee lived amongst men, a most valiant and victorious Prince and Captaine. The name Woden

signifies fierce or furious. After this Idoll we doe call that day of the week Wednesday upon which he was chiefly honored.

h Thor—Of the weekly day which was dedicated unto his peculiar service we doe yet retaine the name of Thursday. In aire he governed the windes and the cloudes; and being displeased did cause lightenings, thunder, and tempests with excessive raine, haile, and all ill weather. (p. 75.)

i Hang my harp. Psalm 137.

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GLOSSARY.

GLOSSARY.

GLOSSARY.

1. DIRSTY—Bold, or as we might say, dursty of one daring to doe a thing of hazard and difficulty. Verst.

2. Cining's-helme—A king's Crown, whereby it may appear that the Crowns of the most ancient English-Saxon Kings were worne and used by them for helmets in warre. Cining, by abbreviation of the two syllables into one, is become King.

3. Brickening—Bridling up, holding in one's chin proudly.

4. Beom—Or Tree, wee use the name now for the Tree when it is squared out.

5. Clough—A kind of breach down along the side of a hill.

6. Dear-worth—Precious.

7. Warhable—Apt for war.

8. Unweather—A Storme.

9. Roisting—Blustering.

10. Fouldering—Blasting with lightening.

11. Besmit—Besmutted, or made foule.

12. Wod—Furious, or mad; wee yet retaine in some parts of England the wodness for madness.

13. Lich-foules—The reputed unlucky night-ravens, from lic, or lich, a dead body.

14. Hafoc—A Hawk.

15. Agoten—Poured out; hence gotters, or gutters.

16. Forebeacum—A signe; hereof wee have yet the name of Beacon.

17. Scath—Damage.

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